

Capt. Bartholomew

BOMBPROOF



Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Davis

Vol. 1; No. 9

*Published by and for the Enlisted Men of United
States Army General Hospital Number Eighteen*

Sept. 14, '18

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BOMBPROOF



Published Weekly

Vol. 1. No. 9

Waynesville, N. C., September 14, 1918

Price 5 Cents

The Heroes Behind the Lines

By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Davis

Lt.-Col. C. E. Davis
A Biographical Sketch

FROM the big history-making world events occurring in the War Zone—big British and French gains, the Hindenburg line broken, Americans making their first offensive and American troops landing in Aichangel. I ask your readers to turn aside their thoughts from these momentuous events for a moment to the heroes behind the lines. I mean the men and women who never had a chance for the glory of achievement on the battlefield, but who have spent their time in the workroom, ammunition factory or manufacturing supply hospitals, in the care of the sick or among the great army of officers, men and women in Washington and other army supply centers, working long, weary hours to keep the army equipped, supply the ships supplies and food needed in the transportation of the largest army ever moved the 3,000 miles to fight in the history of the world and spending the vast sums of money intrusted to their care by the government.

A picture of the world's greatest democracy, working as one individual for the good of all.

Their safety and security, nothing to the majority of them, nearly everyone, if they had their choice, would be on the firing lines. There must be men of experience here to feed, clothe and supply the army over there. In the hospital division these great hospitals must be built, made ready for the men returning to join the heroes behind the lines, more and more beds needed for these men to continue the fight, imposed on them by German brutality and selfishness; 22 general hospitals with more to be

added, bed capacity 20,000. In all the hospitals, importation, base and general, 200,000 beds are to be provided. Twenty-two thousand medical officers to be increased to 35,000. This is the kind of preparation being made in each department and all this means men behind the lines. Our Bombproof given to you each week, bringing always the thought and well wishes of a gratified country to the men among you, who have escaped German frightfulness, and returned to us and the other fellow who must feel all the keen disappointment of a manly man, who, because of an accident of health or selection missed out and did not go overseas. Let us all keep in mind with grateful thoughts that great army of cheerful workers in and out of the army, who are the men and women behind the guns, without whose help and assistance, the winning of the war would be impossible.

In this Rest House, when soldiers take the cure, the officers and nurses and attendants, who care for them, are far from the battlefield, where sudden fame and glory may be achieved, by doing acts of bravery or leadership in war, but they are in the front line trenches every minute fighting disease, the grim destroyer of life, not for pay, glory or vain pride, but to help win the great fight for Liberty, and to help give every man in the fullest measure the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To that end they may give their lives and miss not even a mark of distinguished service, but with a full consciousness of duty, well done in the service with the heroes behind the lines.

The military record of our Commanding Officer covers a term of many years and shows a continuous series of promotions. Enlisting as a private he rose through the ranks and at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898, we find him a Major-Surgeon, on duty with the 8th Army Corps. Later, during the period of annexation in Hawaii, he was assigned to duty there; his specific task being the establishment of the first Hawaiian military hospital.

Returning to the United States a few years before the present war, the Colonel retired from active military life, though still retaining a keen interest in army medical problems.

One year ago he was again called to the colors through the United States Army Medical Reserve Corps, and was put in charge of the examination of troops in the cantonments of the East and South. With a staff of 60 medical men he undertook the tremendous task of examining the thousands of soldiers under his jurisdiction for signs of incipient or active tuberculosis. One of the preliminary steps in the great attempt the government is making at present to control this malady.

This latter duty performed, the Colonel was assigned to his present station: Commanding.

We, of the hospital, who have watched the developments of the past few months feel that our Commanding Officer's promotion from Major to Lieutenant-Colonel is but merited recognition of past and present duty performed. We extend our sincere and hearty congratulations.

DETACHMENT NOTES



OW we suspect the Q. M. C. men of the Detachment will agree with us that the Medical Corps men can fight. Of course, they may not be fighting in France, but there is a No Man's Land between the branch and the First Sergeant's office that will always be remembered as the scene of at least one battle by the "Fighting Medical Corps."

—:—:—

Try it over again Monday night, boys, and the non-coms. will be there with litters to remove the dead and wounded.

—:—:—

Crap shooting is bad business and especially by "the gleaming candle light." Three days is a very light sentence for such an offense and remember it may be three weeks if the offense is repeated.

—:—:—

Quite a few of our Jewish boys are on furlough this week in order that they may participate in the Jewish holidays. Another example of the true Democracy and freedom we enjoy under the good old "Star-Spangled Banner," where we all may worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.

—:—:—

Sgt. Feno Zischer is talking of investing in a new serge suit. He has decided to have it tailor-made and has sent to Sears-Roebuck Co. for the yard of cloth. His old suit will be donated to the Boy Scouts.

—:—:—

We have succeeded at last in quietly caging our druggist. Of course he's not a real bad character as yet, but it is well to have him behind the lattice, and he is the center of attraction to visitors. Don't feed the monkey, ladies.

—:—:—

Sgt. Martin: "When did they install that marble counter in the dispensary?"

Sgt. Foley: "That's not a marble counter—that's Sgt. Michell's bald head you see."

—:—:—

Sgt. Vincent W. Archer, who, for the past few weeks has been acting as our first sergeant, has been transferred to Azalia, N. C., for duty at the U. S. Army General Hospital, No. 19. We certainly have lost one of our most popular and one of the most

highly respected non-commissioned officers of this detachment. Our best wishes go with you, sergeant.

—:—:—

Pvt. Fred Wilbanks, one of our detachment men, has been transferred to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., for duty with the Development Battalion. We predict you will make a good instructor, Fred, and you may rest assured that your friends you have left behind will always remember you kindly. Good luck, Fred.

—:—:—

Quick dressing of some of the detachment men in the tents these cold

PLEASANT MOMENTS SPENT

It has been found that there is quite some musical talent among the detachment men in the double row of tents below that of the non-coms. Recently our attention was attracted to the first tent which proved to be quite a popular gathering. Upon entering all available space was occupied by the boys listening attentively to the trios played by guitar, banjo and mandolin, interspersed with solos on a zither. They rendered some classic as well as rag-time numbers.



Sergeant Mitchell and Corporal Swett are partners both in "love" and war. Together they roll pills and mix powders to the confusion of the Kaiser, and together they make love to the "female of the species." In this case a Jersey cow. Our private opinion is that they are trying to wheedle her out of a pint or two of milk.

mornings: Button the shirt collar and lace the shoes—ready for Reveille. Pvt. Deihm is an expert at it!

—:—:—

Of all queer things seen in the service, here is a new one, found in one of the lower tents: A Big Ben alarm clock! It was found to be the property of Pvt. Bosold. Enuf sed!

—:—:—

For the benefit of those who wish to know where Pvt. Gensmer develops that hump on his back: From continually "lying all over" the steering wheel of the ambulance.

—:—:—

Buck Private Donahue: "Sergeant, I-I-I have an engagement with a girl tonight, s-h-a-l-l I-I-I go?"

Sergeant Martin: "No. What's her address?"

The guitar was played by Pvt. Cuato, the mandolin by Pvt. Brunicardi, the banjo by the popular negro imitator, Pvt. Bailey, and the zither by our "Bombproof" linotyper, Pvt. Eberl. At intervals the gathering was enlivened by Pvt. Clemmens' buck and wing dances and vocal solos by Pvt. Brobst. Everyone seems to enjoy these impromptu concerts. A hungry heart longs for music as the stomach does for food. What is life without music? It surely helps to cheer up the boys and break the monotony of the day's work. Where music exists, gloom must disappear. Stick to it, boys, let's develop some real stuff and have many more such pleasant hours as those already spent!

(Continued on page 10)

A Day With Serg. W. C. George

Written by Robt. (Greaseball) Kalmuk



ENTLE readers, it would be impossible for all of you to spend a day at the U. S. General Hospital, where soldiers are sent for treatment. After said treatment is finished and soldiers pronounced "fit for duty," by a consulting board of physicians, they are transferred to a tent colony in charge of Lieutenant Wood, who counts as his right hand man, Sergeant George. The sergeant was at one time a patient himself, having been gassed, while performing his duties as chief telegraph operator at General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, and sent here for treatment. The prologue being finished, we will now give you a synopsis of his present troubles. For the benefit of the fair sex the sergeant is known to the boys as our own "Francis X. Bushman."

The Story

He rushes out of his tent at 6:10 a. m. with his towel over his shoulder, toothbrush in one hand and a whistle in the other. That whistle, folks, causes more rumpus in a camp than a match in a barrel of dynamite. When its shrill blast is heard, the boys then know their troubles have started. Each fellow, half asleep and mumbling things which are necessary to censure, has decided that the note of that whistle is about as welcome as a skunk is at a lawn party.

A second blast is blown which means line up for roll-call and formation for the chow hall.

After roll-call all the boys who have failed to answer, are known to be "out of luck," as the sergeant gently advises them their chances for a pass that evening are about as good as the chances of a B. & O. train are of being on time.

After returning from chow the "details" are called out. Detail, meaning a form of light duty, such as massaging a floor with a mop, or manicuring roads with picks and shovels, etc. The detailed men all out on the job, the sergeant then looks about to get the extra men busy.

* * *

"Where's Dan Strickland?" calls the sergeant.

"Over by the concentrator," answers Pvt. Prentiss.

"You mean the incinerator, don't

you?" asks the sergeant.

"Same thing," came the reply from Prentiss.

* * *

Sergeant to Pvt. Whitlock: "Say, why is it you are always standing around doing nothing?"

Whitlock: "Well, Sergeant, you see I work so fast I'm always through."

"All right, take it easy," replies the sergeant, as he calls Pvt. Cox.

"Cox, you say you were a blacksmith once, well go over to the diet



Sergeant First Class Wm. C. George

kitchen and shoo flies for the rest of the morning."

* * *

Pvt. Covington: "Sergt., mah feet bother me today. Ah believe ah can't finish mah detail."

"What detail have you?" asks the sergeant.

"Swatting flies in the diet kitchen," answers Covington.

* * *

Another blast from the whistle and the boys then line up for dinner. This call brings before the sergeant his prize M. P. force. The letters M. P.

meaning Military Police or "My Privilege."

When some of the fair ones see Private Hartley wearing his M. P. band, they use the old Mamma's Pet definition. The M. P. force have their hands full directing traffic on the Main street, sometimes as many as four automobiles are out at one time. For excitement the men claim if the wind is blowing in their direction they can hear the train whistle. Sergeant George must use the greatest care in selecting a capable man for duty in the most congested town in North Carolina, called Hazelwood. Twelve people out of the whole town were seen out, watching Private Harold Meyers perform on one of Branlette's horses. The other seven didn't care to witness any accidents.

* * *

It is now 4:30 and the day's work is finished. The boys are all dolling up for a big night, consisting of a trip to town, an ice cream soda, say "howdy," to Squire Tipton," and then back to camp.

After all passes are issued, Sergeant George begins policing up. Goes out for a wash, then manicures his nails, combs his long gray hair, sits down and reads his daily mail and, believe me, folks, he gets some mail. His one and only complaint is that it don't get dark early enough in Waynesville, N. C.

Such things as writing letters for some of the boys, loaning a two-bit piece, a tie, or when they return, and find him partaking of some of that classy Fischer's candy he never hesitates at offering you some. These are only part of the many reasons why the boys of Ward V believe the only thing outside of the choo-choo home, is Sergeant William C. George.

The Power of Mind

They were receiving instruction in the throwing of grenades; at one, pull the firing pin; at two, draw back the arm; at three, throw the grenade. The captain explained to the nervous darkies that five seconds would elapse between pulling of the pin and the explosion. "You must not throw too soon," he said, "as some German is liable to pick it up and toss it back. Don't hold it too long or it may blow your arm off." Then he counted "One." A little darky on the end jerked the pin, poised the grenade an instant and threw it as far as he could.

"What's the trouble there?" asked the captain. "Didn't I tell you to hold that until the count of three?"

"Why, man," said Rastus, "Ah could feel that swellin' in mah hand."

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Capt. WILCOX, M. R. C.....Advisor

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Waynesville, N. C., September 14, 1918

We wish to announce that this, the ninth number of Bombproof marks the beginning of a new paper policy. After conferring with our staff advisor and our business manager, we have decided to maintain the usual number of pages in the body of our paper, and in addition, to provide a decorative colored cover of slighty heavier paper stock. This action means a more attractive paper and we believe it will meet with the approval of the entire camp personnel and patients.

Also, assisted by the proper spirit of co-operation, we hope each week to be able to incorporate in the paper a number of cuts and zinc etchings, illustrative of army life. We want this to be a bright, snappy little sheet and nothing helps quite like clever snapshots or cartoons.

Our present policy of running feature articles will be continued. Stories of experiences "over here" and "over there" are good copy. We are constantly seeking contributors of such.

Today marks the addition of an Officers' page, a Nurses' page, and a Detachment page, as permanent features. The attractiveness of these pages will be limited only by the quality of the material contributed.

Sixteen months ago, we began preparations for the blow which fell Thursday, Sept. 12. For 16 months central and south France has been the scene of feverish activity. American

making ready for the blow which fell Thursday.

The placing of any considerable force of American soldiers into any effective action in France, pre-supposed the transfer of a huge and diversified volume of our national industry to France within reasonable distance from the scene of battle action. The fact that the first blow has been struck means that a New America in France has been builded complete. Those of us who have watched this wonderful structure in building can appreciate in more than a formal way what an effort our government is making. We, who have seen completed, hundreds of miles of standard gauge railroad, well equipped as any trunk line in America, with rolling stock, terminals, piers and warehouses; we, who have seen builded, great supply bases and modernly equipped permanent military hospitals; we, who have seen these and a great deal more, cannot doubt the continuity of the effort of which Thursday's blow is but a sign and symbol.

We rejoice that the day has finally come. After 16 months of preparation we are ready. We are effective to strike a blow at the very heart of Kaiserdom. We believe the region directly back of the St. Mihiel sector to be vital and against General Pershing's army vulnerable. The events of the next few days will, we believe, furnish headlines for the most conservative London papers.

THOUGHTS

In May if I admired the beauty of the woods and mountains the Waynesville folk would reply: "Yes, but wait till Fall." In June, July and August I heard the same story, and now Nature herself is beginning to be heard. Her cry is the same as theirs: "The promise of Autumn." And great promise she gives. I cannot but give heed. As I look at the verdant mountainsides they show me here and there a touch of color. A tree of flaming red or a thicket of mottled green-brown. In vision I see the whole range a mass of red and brown and green and gold. Nature's Promise Fulfilled.

And the atmosphere holds a tinge of Autumn haze. Smoky and translucent. The air has become brisk and bracing. It touches the end of my nose with red.

Today I saw the first leaf fall and it set me to thinking. Thinking lots of thoughts that somehow elude a fellow when he tries to grasp them and put them into cold words. Thoughts about the plan back of Nature, and

about life and death. Somehow thinking about such things didn't make me feel sad. Just sort of inspired. Too, it made me feel that it's great to be alive and able to think things..

THE STRINGERS

'Twas at the army ball;
He held her close and
Whispered sweet nothings into her ear,
And she believed him—
At least, he thought she did.

He begged for a kiss:
She gave it and
Told him that he was the first,
And he believed her—
At least she thought he did.

That night she told
All her best friends
How she'd strung the poor fellow along,
And they believed her—
At least she thought they did.

Every man in his company
Heard all about
The little peach that fell,
And they believed him—
At least he thought they did.

And the next day
She wrote and told her fiancé
How she'd missed him at the dance,
And he believed her—
At least she thought he did.

And Sammy wrote
The girl back home
That army life was hell,
And she believed him—
At least he thought she did.

—The Propeller.

POST OFFICE CONTEST

Following is the text of a bulletin which appears on the various boards at this post:

"The Postmaster General has decided to open a post office station at this hospital. A prize of \$5 is offered to any member of this post including officers, nurses and enlisted men of the detachment and patients who personally suggests the most suitable name. All suggestions to be enclosed in sealed envelope and addressed to the Hospital Consulting Board, who will decide the winner of the contest and award prize.

By order of Lt. Col. Charles E. Davis. Lt. I. N. Karlson, Adjt."

The contest closes a week from today, so get busy. Stir up your old think box and draw therefrom a name that might appropriately be used as a post name. Your suggestion may be worth \$5.

OFFICERS' PAGE

Contributed by Officer Personnel and Patients

Their French

In the dining-room of a hotel in France is a large placard posted over the mantelshef and containing the following notice:

"British officers are respectfully requested to address the waiters in English, as their French is not generally understood."

Confused

General Leonard Wood said at a Washington luncheon:

"There are so many rewards for bravery and devotion on the other side that a poor soldier naturally gets confused among them.

"There's the V. C. or Victoria Cross, the M. M. or Medaille Militaire, the D. S. O. or Distinguished Service Order, the C. G. or Croix de Guerre, and so on almost indefinitely.

"A doughboy had a grudge against his captain, who was a bit of a martinet. Well, in the Y. M. C. A. one night a waitress said to the doughboy: 'Did you know they'd given your old captain the C. G.?'"

"The doughboy laughed aloud.

"'Serve him darn well right,' he said. 'How many days?'"

Positions Reversed

"That's a smart orderly you have there, colonel?"

"So he is. And I must confess that I take a great deal of pleasure in making him step lively."

"Why so?"

"In civil life that fellow was my employer and every time he pressed a button I had to jump or lose my job!"

Over the Top

A young lady was teasing a middle-aged captain returned from the front upon his unmilitary appearance.

"And why are you bald?" she roguishly inquired.

"Madam," returned the warrior, bowing, "it's through junior officers stepping over my head."

Common Occurrence

"What's going on here, anything unusual?"

"Nope; just an army officer marrying the prettiest girl in town."

Here's a joke about an Irishman who was taken prisoner by a German officer (on the way to prison camp):

Pat: "Say officer, didn't us Irishmen

give you Germans h—— in the battle on the Marne?"

Officer: "Don't you dare say that."

Pat (after proceeding a little further on): "Well, say, officer, tell the truth now, didn't us Irishmen give you Germans h—— in the battle on the Marne?"

Officer: "I told you not to say that again. Now I am going to make you swear allegiance to the German flag."

(Whereupon Pat gets down on his knees and takes the oath and upon rising says):

Pat: "Now, officer, am I a full-fledged German?"

Officer: "Yes, Pat."

Pat: "Are you sure?"

Officer: "Yes, Pat."

Pat: "Well, now, officer, didn't those Irishmen give us Germans h—— in the battle on the Marne?"

Ours

Ques: I have wanted to join the M. R. C., but could obtain no information about it. What shall I do?—L. I. A. R.

Ans.: Physicians who are deaf, dumb and blind are not eligible for a commission.

Ques.: I would like to obtain some service which would give me a commission and a uniform but would not, if practicable, disturb my present existence in any considerable way. Is anything open?—Doctor Volunteer.

Ans.: Camouflage belongs to the Intelligence Section, not to the Medical Department.

No Change in Velma

Dr. Ross:—I have been giving Velma herb teas; white horsemint for her kidneys; Ginseng and black silk weed for her bowels; red butterfly for her lungs; Pennyroyal and just a little black snake-root to sweat the fever out, and elm bark water to drink when thirsty, and I have been bathing her bowels with three drops of turpentine in a teaspoon of castor oil every day. Must I keep any of this up or quit entirely and just give her your medicine? No change in Velma.

Respectfully, _____.

Not a Serious Difference

"We don't seem to agree with our allies on one point. Lloyd George says: 'Not one inch of extra territory for the Germans.'"

"And we?"

Our boys say: 'Give 'em Hell.'"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Tobacco is a filthy weed,
It satisfies no normal need,
It makes you thin,
It makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever
seen: I like it.

* * *

Never comb a bald crown.

* * *

Don't look a gift mule in the hind leg.

* * *

One cannot please all the world and his wife.

* * *

Happiness is a wonderful gift; the more one gives, the more one has.

STYLISH suits that
are tailored to fit the
figure; handsome
millinery in the newer
shapes and in all the lead-
ing colors; dress goods of
the better quality. All
are here in large quantities
for the fastidious dressers
among the nurses and
Waynesville's civilian pop-
ulation.

J. M. Mock

Main Street

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

THE WHITE GUARD

A Department Conducted by the Nurses

IT has been noticed that the Chief goes to church regularly every Sunday Night now. What is the attraction, we wonder. Perhaps the tall, good-looking chap we see around No Man's Land so frequently, could tell us. Eh, Clem?

—o-o—

Bernhart's Beloved must be some crank on spelling—she tried to tell, or rather write him the other night something about PSYCHOLOGY, but, although she apparently knew the meaning of whatever that is and could pronounce it, still she could not spell it. Dreadful state of affairs—she tried to get assistance from the few members of the White Guard, who were spending the evening home, but nothing doing. Lillian was positive it began S-Y-C—someone else suggested C-Y—, etc. Nelson said very pathetically that that word certainly was not in her dictionary. The dictionian came to the rescue and Mary R. was able to fill in the empty space. Emma found it was in the dictionary. "Moral" (simplicity always): Omit anything that causes so much brain work.

—o-o—

Evers spends her half day visiting Eagles' Nest. Too bad it had to rain—did they get wet? Why no—just had a bath in rain water, that's all. Who's they? Well, Miss Pinney might have had an old patient returned to her, had the results been serious. However we are glad to see that all is well.

—o-o—

Nelson thinks she ought to be left alone this week. All right—Christine objects to so much notoriety, too.

—o-o—

Beggs spends a half day searching Waynesville for "white shoes," but finally had to give up. Chief, take pity on her—you must give her a whole day off to go to Asheville. "May-be" Mary, you'll find the size required, there.

—o-o—

Talk about a day off to visit Asheville. Did you see the chapeau on Marie???? Well she spent a day in the city last week. Says she went A-L-O-N-E!!!!

—o-o—

Wright suggested that the sub-chief bring the cow in out of the rain.

What's the matter, Wright? Afraid the milk would be too thin—?

—o-o—

Have you all seen the mascot at the receiving ward. Some cat, all right. At least the sanitary inspector thought so when he reconsidered sparing its life. Of course everything has to be W-R-I-G-H-T, R-I-G-H-T, W-R-I-T-E or R-I-T-E at the receiving ward. So when the nurse in charge there thinks she is being neglected when her name does not appear in the paper, we have to W-R-I-G-H-T the wrong.

—o-o—

September 7th, 6:50 a. m. Surprise

"Ships that pass in the night" have been sighted recently "off the banks" in the vicinity of the Chemin des Dames. No "subs" being in sight at the time, we trust they made port without misadventure (Ancient Mariner).

—o-o—

Chief Owens rode in a Ford with the disposition of a tank and the tractability of a hen-pecked hubby on a vacation. It wasn't the fault of the driver, either. He addressed the critter in three languages—English, Army and Profane. And still the anterior wheel's showed a stubborn disposition to part company. The Chief was all for taking the poor thing's



The nurses' own car with Slim its chauffeur. Usually an ambulance suggests gloomy thoughts, but not this one—it's a "joy ride bus."

to the members of the White Guard seated at the breakfast table—YODER arrives to partake of the morning meal the first time on record since our arrival at No Man's Land. Keep it up, Malinda, we all know it is nice to get up in the morning, etc.

—o-o—

"Mary Had a Little Lamb"

Mary had a little lamb,

She also had some candy,

And cake and mayonnaise and ham.

She ate just what came handy.

Now Mary shuns a menu rich,

Her health is most surprising,

Since she gave up her customs which,

Might lead to gormandizing.

No medicine has made her thin,

We made a bold maneuver,

We did not call the doctor in,

We just told Mr. Hoover.

empeature. The driver was unanimously in favor of getting a new car. The other passenger was an optimist.

The optimist got converted after he ran Henry half way up a tree that didn't understand the traffic regulations. At that the Chief stowed away her thermometer and traded for an automobile.

Medical Officer—"How long have you had these symptoms, my man?"

Sufferer—"About six weeks, sir."

"Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Oh, I've been treating myself, sir."

Treating yourself!" exploded the M. O. "How could you treat yourself?"

"Well, sir, I used to wait outside and pick up the pills as the blokes what had been on sick parade threw away."

Red Cross

About three hundred books, donated by the American Library Association, have been placed in the Red Cross tent for the use of convalescent patients. This is a good nucleus for a library, which, it is hoped, will soon be increased to several thousand volumes.

The Waynesville Chapter of the Red Cross has just supplied the hospital with 300 bedside bags. The local chapter has also been asked to supply the hospital with 300 sweaters, 300 helmets, 500 pairs wristlets, 500 pairs mittens, and 500 brassards. The commanding officer and the Red Cross intend to make the men comfortable this winter.

The Red Cross has been asked to put in a skylight and concrete floor for the scullery. This will be done as soon as possible, and it will supply a much-needed improvement.

At last the plans for the Red Cross house have been approved by the National Headquarters in Washington.

The blue prints have been received and the contract will be let very soon and work will be commenced.

THE SOLDIER'S CREDO

This war is bomb and shell and gun;
I like it.

Sometimes it isn't any fun;
I like it.

At times you're lonesomer than sin;
You miss your girl, you miss you kin;
It's the toughest game you ever were in—

I like it.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS,
In "The Stars and Stripes," Official
Paper of the A. E. F.

Fair Maiden—"How do you like army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to, I suppose.

Corp. Alvis—"You bet. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over somebody turns up and says, "Turn out."

In the great athletic event on the west front, honors seem to be divided. Allies win in putting the shot and tug of war, but Germans beat them at running.

The Stroller

Overheard by the "Stroller:"

Tall, handsome, young man, walking down Tent avenue, with young lady—"And which little house do you live in?" she asked, gazing up into the handsome face.

Tall, Handsome Young Man—"Oh, I live down here a little farther—in the "Model."

* * *

The "Stroller," while strolling past Tent Village at roll call the other evening "got" this one:

Sergeant Glumm (calling roll)—"Johnson, Tharp, Jones, Gendera, Fix—where's FIX?"

Someone piped back: "Get 'em, quick, we need him, we're all broke!!

* * *

It is sweet to be remembered and a pleasant thought to find—that when your friends forgot you the Stroller keeps you in mind.

Officers, Beware!

God forgives and man forgets, but wives have awful memories.

Shoe Repairing

Done neatly and quickly by those who know how.

Half soling done while you wait.

Goodyear Rubber Heels attached.

Shoes shined and polish sold.

Champion Shoe Shop

L. E. Smith, Prop.

Waynesville Auto & Repair Co.



WAYNESVILLE'S Largest Garage offers tourists a complete service, consisting of auto storage, vulcanizing, repairing and overhauling. A modern garage with a complement of men skilled in automobile work.

Ajax Tires, guaranteed 5000 miles, for sale

Also Oil, Gasoline and Auto

Accessories

WARD JOTTINGS



As we all know, gasoline-less day has been announced. Hereafter, Sunday will remind we old folks of the good old days when only the baby carriage contested with the hoss and surrey for the right o' way.

* * *

Corp. Haire, a charter member of the "Most High and Exalted Club," i. e. an M. P., was happily breezing along the other day when he was approached by a civilian who asked him what the little patch of bared earth in front of the Stringfield residence meant. Corp. Haire replied that it was for tennis. The civilian thereupon turned away with the gloomy remark that: It mout be all right but he reckoned it ud be rather late to plant.

* * *

We hope no sucker is mean enough to try and camouflage his gas eater and thus sneak past Mr. Hoover.

* * *

McCarthy wishes to inform those who congregate in his room throughout the day and night, that he and Sgt. Boyd live in there also. In other words, KEEP OUT.

* * *

What is an easy plaster? Ask Schramm, he knows.

* * *

Pvt. Levy has decided to raffle off his lucky stone. No one has bought any tickets yet. Looks as if he is going to carry it around with him forever.

* * *

Pvt. Joe Elliott says that the man who wrote the song, "Home, Sweet Home," certainly didn't live in Waynesville. Well, Elliott, he MIGHT have lived here, for don't you remember the line, "There's No Place Like Home?" This might also apply to Waynesville, for we don't think there is any place like it—at least we have not seen a similar place. This state-

ment may be considered either a "boast" or a "slam." Take your choice. You're welcome!!

* * *

The bed patients now have their meals served to them on "trays." The deuce you say! If we had an American "ace" on deck here we would start a game.

* * *

Pvt. Roger Foley, formerly of the Cherokee tribe, commenting on the high wearing quality of the American chewing gum, stated that he has already worn his present cud about six weeks and it is just as good as new, except that it should be reflavored. When you have finished chewing it, Foley, use it instead of safety pins to fasten your pajamas.

* * *

Pvt. Lewis was granted a pass Wednesday, as he needed a hair-cut. The pass read: "Private Lewis, Ward III, has permission to be absent from his ward from 3 to 5 p. m. for the purpose of getting a hair-cut." The last four words on the pass saddened Lewis, for, as he explained, he also wanted to get a tube of tooth paste but he wasn't going to take a chance on it with only a "hair-cut" pass. Next!

* * *

And speaking about Lewis, he took the train last Thursday morning for Asheville. We trust that no one will have occasion to use it until he returns it. What? the train he took (the only one we had left).

* * *

The Southern Railway bulletin yesterday read as follows:

"Train, No. 11, West bound, due at 11:43. On time! Cause unknown."

* * *

Pvt. O'Leary says that he found a newspaper in the hospital which stated that there was some kind of a conflict going on in Europe. The Mountaineer-Courier told us that two months ago! Get up to date, O'Leary.

VOLUNTARY ENLISTMENT IN U. S. ARMY DISCONTINUED

Only Men Over 46 Hereafter Acceptable and Only for Departmental Service

Gen. March, chief of staff, has directed the discontinuance of voluntary enlistments for the army, except as authorized by act of Congress in certain cases.

General Harris, the acting adjutant general, has issued instructions by telegraph to all recruiting officers in charge of recruiting districts to close up the recruiting stations as soon as practicable, in accordance with detailed instructions previously sent by mail. The enlisted men at the recruiting stations are to be sent to the nearest recruit depot where they are to be physically examined and their qualification records made out, with a view to their assignment to appropriate duty. The six recruit depots, namely, Fort Slocum, N. Y.; Columbus Barracks, O.; Fort Thomas, Ky.; Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; Fort Logan, Colo., and Fort McDowell, Cal., are to be utilized during the continuance of the war as mobilization places for selective service men, whence these men will be distributed to organizations.

The only original voluntary enlistments hereafter authorized will be of men over 46 years and under 56 years. The enlistment of these men is authorized only for staff corps and departments. There are few applications for enlistment from among this class of men, and the enlistment of such as are found qualified can be effected at the mobilization depots enumerated above or any one of the military posts or encampments throughout the country.

Between nine and ten tons of waste paper is picked up, baled and sold at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station every day. This brings in \$100 per day, or \$36,500 per year.

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A. The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

PHONE ORDERS TAKEN

Opp. Depot

Phone 63

Waynesville, N. C.

"EVERYBODY WELCOME"**Everything Free to Every American
Soldier Here and Overseas**

The above is the slogan recently adopted by the Knights of Columbus in the service they are rendering to our fighting men in the army and navy.

The K. of C. Service is not only provided in camp and on the battle front in Europe, but they are also erecting service houses at every principal point of embarkation in the U. S. and every point of entry into Europe.

A campaign is now on for two thousand additional K. of C. secretaries for service abroad and they are being accepted and sent at the rate of about 100 per week.

In the past few days vast quantities of supplies have been shipped abroad. Here is a partial list of supplies recently purchased for shipment:

Seventy-five million cigarettes—each bears the monogram of the K. of C. Ten thousand pounds of hard candy. Twenty tons of milk chocolate. Fifty-five thousand dollars worth of mixed candies. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand cigars. Thousands of pounds of coffee and tea and thousands of cases of condensed milk. Twenty-five hundred cases of

chewing gum. Soap and towels by the hundreds of gross.

Mr. Raymond Fosdick, chairman of the committee on war camp activities of the national government in a speech in New York a few days since and as the personal representative of Secretary Baker said: "In point of team work and harmony the K. of C. have played the game as it should be played, and in point of efficiency the Knights have made a most creditable record. I know whereof I speak when I say that no organization in any camp is doing better work than the K. of C. The work of the K. of C. is intimately related to the morale of the men. We cannot have an efficient army unless we have a contented, satisfied army, and we cannot have a contented army unless we give the men some touch of home comforts. In supplying shows, books and cigarettes and home comforts to the men, the K. of C. is contributing largely towards the winning of the war.

"I am just back from France, and I have had an opportunity of seeing the men in action and of observing their morale. I saw our marines go forward at Chateau-Thierry, singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." They sang their song and they held their line all night. That is morale. That is the spirit that the Knights of

Columbus puts into the men. "Another reason for the presence of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and the Hebrew Welfare Board in our camps is this: We are under pledge that our men who are fighting for democracy shall return to their homes just as clean morally as when they went away. I believe that pledge will be kept. The men will return bigger physically, broader mentally and sounder morally, and the Knights of Columbus and kindred organizations are contributing fundamentally to that end.

Nuns in War Work

Bishop Peter J. Muldoon, of Rockford, Ill., who heads the National Catholic War Council has offered to Surgeon General Gorgas the services of sisters of the Catholic church for work as nurses, either in this country or abroad. Also all Catholic Hospitals throughout the country are offered for the care of the wounded.

A Dutch woman of German descent, who recently visited relatives in Germany, returned to Holland; and says that people on the Rhine are expecting to be driven out soon by the allied armies. She said many families are preparing to leave for central Germany.

Kenmore Hotel

MAIN STREET

Waynesville, N. C.

SHORT walk from the Army Hospital. Close to station. Situated in business section of the city. Excellent cuisine.

OPEN : THE : YEAR : AROUND
THE TRAVELING MAN'S HOME

UNCLE FRANK, Prop.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

*Outfitters to
Men and Women*

Everything in
Ready-to-Wear
FALL GOODS
Arriving Daily

Frank Ray & Co.

Waynesville, N. C.

DETACHMENT NOTES

(Continued from page 2)

Some things we have in our detachment:

We have a Sweat—not the kind produced by hard labor.

We have a Kennel—no, not a dog kennel although we have plenty dogs to start one if there was one of the right species to fill the place of grandfather.

We have a Hall—not a dancing hall—he's perfectly quiet and if he has ever had any dances in him we don't know of it.

We have a Martin—but not the kind that keeps chicken-hawks away from the chickens. We believe him to be a cross between the Martin and chicken-hawk for he sure is terrible after chickens.

We have a Fry—no, don't get excited, I don't mean a chicken fry—just an ordinary human fry.

We have a Fisher—and Mr. Sloan says he thinks he knows where his big bass went. At any rate some fisher fished it out of the fountain.

We have a Hill—but he sinks into insignificance when we behold these great mountains.

We have a Shorter—but all agree that he should be called Longer.

We have a Leach—but as yet he has never stuck to anyone.

We have a Cunningham—but who ever heard of a ham being cunning?

We have a Platt—but we can't find out which one of the nurses claims him.

And best of all, we have a Key—now we can unlock some of the mysteries of the detachment. All extend our welcome brother Keyes. Now get busy.

—:—:—

Blessed are the peacemakers—for of such is the Q. M. C.

(Signed)

KAUTZ.

—:—:—

An Appreciation of the "Bombproof"

Although we may not have repeatedly expressed our appreciation in so many words, we would like to assure those in charge of the editing of the "Bombproof" that we do most sincerely and heartily appreciate the efforts they have made to make possible the publication of this little weekly, and are still making every effort to keep it up to standard. We realize that it is taking considerable work on the part of some one, and we feel that a word of encouragement will not be amiss. Considering the disadvantages that have had to be overcome, we think the management

The Thoroughbred

In one of the plays of this season, "The Very Minute," one of the characters says something to this effect: You go on till you can go no further, you reach the limit of human endurance, and then—you hold on another minute, and that's the minute that counts.

The idea is a good one. That last minute, the other side of the breaking point, is worth thinking about.

It is that which marks the thoroughbred.

There is a something in the hundredth man that bespeaks a finer quality. It is unconquerableness, heroism, stick-to-it-iveness, or whatever you have a mind to call it.

We have a way of attributing this to breeding, after the analogy of horses and dogs; but while there's something in blood I doubt if it is a very trustworthy guaranty of excellence. So many vigorous parents have children that are morally spindling, and so many surprising samples of superiority come from common stock, that heredity is far from dependable.

But the quality exists, no matter how you account for it—a certain toughness of moral fibre, an indestructibility of purpose.

Any mind is over matter, but there are some wills so imperial, so dominant over the body, that they keep it from collapse even after its strength is spent.

We see it physically in the prize fighter who "doesn't know when he is beaten," in the race horse that throws an unexpected dash into the last stretch even after his last ounce of force is gone, in the Spartan soldier who exclaimed "If I fall I fight on my knees."

Of all human qualities that have lit up the sombreness of this tragic earth, I count this, of being a thoroughbred, the happiest.

It has saved more souls than penance and punishment, it has rescued more business enterprises than shrewdness, it has won more battles and more games, and altogether felicitously loosed more hard knots in the tangled skein of destiny than any other virtue.

Most people are quitters. They reach the limit. They are familiar with the last straw.

But the hundredth man is a thoroughbred. You cannot corner him. He will not give up. He cannot find the word "fail" in his lexicon. He has never learned to whine.

What shall we do with him? There's nothing to do but to hand him success. It's just as well to deliver him the prize, for he will get it eventually. There's no use trying to drown him, for he won't sink.

There's only one creature in the world better than the man who is a thoroughbred. It is the woman who is a thoroughbred.

The above is a reprint of a sketch by Dr. Frank Crane, which appeared in the N. Y. Globe, May 24, 1917. It has already lived long past the time allotted most newspaper "dope" and we believe it will survive many more moons. It will tell you whether or no you're a thoroughbred.

has done exceptional work, and we predict a successful future if this tenacity is carried out throughout the months to come. We all enjoy reading the paper and those interested may rest assured of our hearty cooperation. The Detachment.

SIGHTLY SIGNS STUCK UP;
THEY'RE "FIX" FIXED

In future years, when the post rubberneck wagons run up and down the asphalted highways that now are grass-bordered paths, the ballyhoo man on the roof thereof (of the rubberneck wagon) will point out as the high points of interest: Wall Street on

which abideth at present Hizzoner Sgt. Glumm, he, of the sad handle and the passionate thatch; Park Row, whereon dwelleth Pvt. Fix, the perpetrator of the said signs; Jeff Willis, the ex-lumber salesman, and Babe Burtis, the excessively longitudinal N' Yawker.

Just now—

Need anything be said? Fix is fixin' the signs and smoking good cigars—the 6-cent kind—and buying his own stamps. Why kick? It pleases the nurses, the signs on the streets and the signs on the tents at the sides of the streets, and—well, one of them suggested this write-up—she's Wright, quite right!

WHAT BOOK DO YOU WANT?

Miss Fanny Duren, hospital library organizer, has spent the past week at the hospital making a beginning toward library service for officers, patients, nurses and corps men. The collection of books distributed thus far is limited, but it serves as a beginning. A part of these books have been left in the administration building for the use of officer patients and staff; another group has been placed in the Red Cross tent for the use of patients; a third group in the Nurses' Home, and a fourth group in the Y. M. C. A. tent for the use of corps men.

Men are invited to take these books for their own use and to return them to the place from which they were drawn, recording their names in accordance with the request made in each case.

The American Library Association stands ready to serve our soldiers in every way possible by supplying books and periodicals. Men are asked to leave requests for books or subjects which they are interested in either with the Red Cross man, the Y. M. C. A. secretary or through the hospital receiving office addressed to the hospital librarian and an effort will be made to supply their needs.

The headquarters of the association for this district are at 523 Legal Building, Asheville. Any communication addressed to Miss Duren there will, she assures us, receive careful attention.

HOW FAR FROM GERMANY

The question is often asked: "How far do the Allies have to go before they get the Germans out of France?"

It is 70 miles from Montdidier to the Belgian boundary and about 170 miles from Montdidier to the German boundary. This represents the farthest distance in miles.

Rheims is about 85 miles from the nearest German territory, Verdun about 25 miles, Nancy and Luneville about 10 miles. From there south the distance becomes less, and at the south end of the battle front the French-American line is on German soil to a maximum distance of about 10 miles.

The question of territory, however, is not the most important one in trying for victory. The real aim of the Allies is to capture or destroy the German armies and also as much as possible of their supplies.

To shove the Germans out of France and Belgium a few miles at a time in a straight push would be a very long task indeed, to judge from

past progress. Even if the German armies should now withdraw to the Rhine they would not be beaten. The Kaiser would still hold practically what he started out to gain—immense territory in the east. It is therefore evident that nothing short of a sweeping military victory and a destruction of the Kaiser's power will settle the war.

It should be borne in mind, therefore, that the gains of territory on the west front, happy and significant though they be, are not in themselves the important thing in the fighting. The map does not tell the story. It is the destroying and capturing of German soldiers and supplies and the strategic movements whereby the Allies may compel the evacuation of large blocks at a time that count.

At the Golden Gate

St. Peter—"Well, what have you ever done that I should let you in?"

Applicant—"Nothing very much, but I never passed a wounded soldier on the street but I offered him a life in my car. Besides that—"

St. Peter—"Pass, friend; never mind the other reasons."

How about that "shining German sword" now, Bill?

MILLER BROS.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

—PHONE 30—

The place to get good things to eat.

Pickles, Olives, Underwood's Deviled Ham, Cold Meats for lunches, Jellies, Jams, CLIC-QUOT CLUB GINGER ALE.

Make this Store Your Headquarters

We Sell War Savings and Thrift Stamps

IDLE THOUGHTS

Of an Idle Fellow From No Man's Land

Two of the "prisoners" in the Nurses' Guard House are to be congratulated upon their temporary release for duty. This is a step in the right direction and we are sure the others will quickly follow in their footsteps (if their feet are large enough)! In the meantime, daily and nightly diversion is offered to those who still remain in "durance vile" (?) Moving pictures, set to music, every other night during the "Bawl Game." A few "lost chords" q. s. from the Nurses' Home—flowers, candy, ice cream p. r. n. from numerous admirers—visitors in response to S. O. S. signals, not to mention the arrival of The Male b. d. and last, but not least, frequent rides, furnished by our "fairy godmother," who will never be forgotten by any of us. Take note, too, that since the finding of the "missing weight" all the patients are putting on flesh.

Eleven plump patients, never known to whine,

Two assigned to duty, then there were nine!

Nine healthy patients, sleeping till "quite late!"

One thinks she'll leave soon, then there'll be eight.

Etc.—(continued in our next).

We'll Defended

She had described young George's enthusiastic felling of the tree with his new implement, and the fateful arrival of his father upon the scene. She pictured Augustine Washington as an elderly, stern and stately parent of the old school, with cocked hat and cane. She proceeded impressively:

"But George could not tell a lie. He told the truth, even though his father stood there with the cane in his hand!"

"Bu," said Jimmy, breathlessly, "George had the hatchet, hadn't he?"

Too Much Attention

A Yankee "doughboy" in the Philippine insurrection was knocked out by a bullet in the leg.

As he lay there helpless, unable to drag himself to a place of safety, two more bullets whisked up and imbedded themselves in other parts of his body. At the third he raised himself painfully and, shaking his fist in the direction of the Moros, shouted:

"Shoot, someone else, you blood-thirsty murderers. I'm not the whole American army!"

Martin Bros.

Opposite Post Office and Hotel
Eveready Flashlights,
Batteries and Bulbs

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WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

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Boots, Hats, Clothing, Etc.

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—Dealer in—
Saddlery, Harness, Whips, Etc.

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Also Leggings, both Leather
and Canvas, for Officers
and Men

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Next to Printing Office
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H. F. MULLIS

When you want Eggs, Chickens
and Country Produce, Delf
China, Glassware, Etc.

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Phone 154 - - Main Street

THE Nurses at the Hospital,
as well as the wives of the
officers and enlisted men, will
find here a complete assortment
of the latest ideas in Fall Mil-
linery.

* * *

Miss M. E. Turbyfill
Waynesville, N. C.



We sell
Ice
Not artificial
Ice
But natural
Ice
Frozen by
Artificial
Methods

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Thank you
WAYNESVILLE ICE CO.

—at—
Waynesville, N. C.,
Of course

Announcement

=====
I have purchased the furni-
ture, stock and fixtures of the
Tipton Furniture Co. Will be
pleased to see all of the old pa-
trons of above company and will
assure them of fair treatment.

One Price strictly.

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G. B. HALL

Waynesville, N. C.

PALMER HOUSE MRS. L. B. PALMER

PIGEON STREET
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

E. P. Martin

Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES

Store opposite the Post Office

C. G. LOGAN Auto Company Garage

E. L. Withers & Co.

*Real Estate
and
Insurance
Specialists*

"Y" NOTES

Our faithful Little Home is now all dolled up through the kindness of Mrs. N. Buckner, of Asheville, who gave to us table runners for our writing table, and two nice scarfs, one for the reading table and one for the victrola.

—Y—

Letters written for the week at the "Y" were 1,130; attendance, 865.

—Y—

The visitors at the "Y" for the week were: J. Cunningham, Shelbyville, Fla.; Katherine Covington, Shelbyville, Fla.; Miss Dora Patla, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. W. F. Poston, Pamplico, S. C.; Miss Rena Welburn, Charleston, S. C.; Addie Welburn, Charleston, S. C.; Eldred Poston, Pamplico, S. C.; Miss Helen B. Rue, New York City, N. Y.; Miss Walters, Knoxville, Tenn.

—Y—

There are now a number of books put in the "Y" for the boys by the American Library Association, which are being enjoyed by all.

—Y—

Twice a week, since the arrival of

the Grand piano, we have a singing fest. The standing room is at a premium. Corp. Buck and Sergeant Swift tickling the ivories; Secretary Rue, tenor, with Bugler Fink, a close second. Corporal Sweat and Sergeant Shupe also add to the evening's entertainment by vocal and instrumental music.

—Y—

There is to be an entertainment at the General Hospital the last of the week under the auspices of the "Y" by Asheville ladies and after the amusement feature ice cream and good chocolate cake will be served to any hungry fellow.

"NOISY" GETS TRANSFER

John Perkins, private, a patient at the Army Hospital here, who has completely lost his voice, is to be transferred to some post near his home in California. He was in the Mountaineer office Saturday assisting in getting out Bombproof, the hospital week's newspaper, when he received the news. And he let out a terrific whoop that could be distinctly heard six feet away. "Holler again!" coaxed another patient. Again he essayed a hip-hip-hooray, but the

leaves on the trees outside failed to tremble tho the door stood open.

His bunkies nicknamed him Noisy at this hospital. For several weeks now he has had up-town passes and has solicited subscriptions for Bombproof. You'd think a man ought to be a good talker to do that successfully but the contrary proved true. He whispered more subscriptions than any other solicitors in the same length of time.

He didn't lose his voice from shell shock, nor from gas, tho he has seen service in France. Instead he lost his voice at Fort Riley, Kansas, after being inoculated for typhoid. His vaccination "took" so well that he fell in a faint shortly afterwards, was laid up for weeks—and lost his voice. He was sent to Fort Riley from his home near Stockton, California, a year ago. In December he sailed for France. There his health, which he believes was impaired by the vaccination at Fort Riley, gave way and he was returned to the United States in May.

He has recuperated here but will not be sent across again. He will probably be assigned to some minor duty in some camp in his native state.

Noisy is a dandy good fellow and the Mountaineer office force as well as the members of the Bombproof staff will miss him.—Mountaineer-Courier.

P. L. TURBYFILL

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First Class Teams and Saddle
Horses

Day or Night

Main St Phone 70
Waynesville, N. C.



Hotel Waynesville

Miss Jessie Herren, Prop.

Excellent food and modern accommodations at reasonable prices
Open the year around. Only 15 minutes' walk from the
Army Hospital. A real home-like place at an alti-
tude of nearly 8,000 feet. Write for particulars

Waynesville, N. C.

PHONE 114

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Electric Lights and Baths
: : , Best Table Fare : :

\$2 Day—Special Weekly Rates

One Block From the Station

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Phone 73. - - Branner Ave.

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PLUMBING

HEATING

TINNING

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Things You Need

Khaki Buttons	Army Shoes
Black Ties	Leggins
Underwear	Candy
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"In Frog Level" :: Near Depot
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.



J. B. Henry & Son

—Dealers in—

FARM IMPLEMENTS
AND FERTILIZERS

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

*We
Believe*

the soldier boys buy anything
they want from whoever they
please; that's right, it suits us,
for their way is the right way.

Wishing you everyone health
and happiness, we want to be

: Your Friends :

*Waynesville
Hardware Co.*

The Whitehouse Cafe

The Soldiers' Friend

Get your lunch here. A good
meal at a low price. We also
handle groceries. Your trade
appreciated.

—o—

J. R. WHITEHOUSE, Prop.
Depot Street

Miss Siler

& Company

Are showing the newest
and most practical things in

MILLINERY

At Reasonable Prices

Calling Cards

--And--

Invitations

An attractive card is the
proper and dignified way to pre-
sent yourself. In the same way
a neatly printed or engraved in-
vitation adds elegance to any
formal occasion. See us for both
cards and invitations, printed or
engraved in the correct style.

Mountaineer - Courier

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Mehaffey & Yount

New lunch counter just across
the bridge from the Post Ex-
change.

Also groceries and soft drinks.

McCracken Clothing Co.

Men's Outfitter

Solicits the patronage of the
patients and officers of General
Hospital, No. 18.

STUDENT ARMY TRAINING CORPS PLAN EXPLAINED

Under the Students' Army Training Corps plan, which is now going along in good shape, and by which our government hopes to supply hundreds of officers for our growing army, the War Department makes a contract with an approved college to train a number of men who are soldiers primarily and students merely because they are ordered to be students. It is the intention of the committee in charge to draw constantly on the enlisted men in the camps who are showing progress, who show likelihood of being a better investment trained. In all cases if the best interests of the government are obtained by giving a man a college training he is to be sent to college. The first few months will be probational and will serve to prove whether anyone selected is worthy of the course.

The plan effects both the men enlisted in the army and men already enrolled in colleges. For instance, if you are in a camp and John Jones is in a college and Jones is not thought to be standing high enough in his work, and you are showing promise, you might find yourselves reversed. Even in the colleges the old happy-go-lucky days are past.

A man to be eligible must have the necessary preliminary education. Each college has its entrance requirements which are normally four years of high school and while, of course, any college may change its requirements, it does not seem that they are at present planning to do so.

It is planned to take as many men for training as the colleges listed, can provide for. The department cannot of course, approve of a college that cannot bed and board the men. Colleges listed must also have accredited instructors of military science.

In discussing the above program of our government, we must clearly understand that it is not in any way to be considered as class segregation. It simply means the utilization of organizations already established for a definite military purpose. It has been determined that officers can be made out of promising material more quickly there than in the cantonments. The "rice boy" isn't going to get off easily. The need of the government is to test out its men as quickly as possible for leadership and so they have chosen the Students' Training Corps method as being most expeditious and practical.

There are four things which may happen to the man who has been or will be picked out to attend the col-

leges. (1) He may be sent to a central officers' training camp; (2) he may be told to continue his college training, because he is promising enough, but he isn't quite mature enough for an officers' training camp; (3) some few of these boys may be held on at the colleges for some special subject where we need specialized training, like chemistry. The total number of these is not going to be serious. It is more likely that fellows with a certain dexterity will be assigned to special schools as draftsmen, or something of that kind, not, of course, because they are engineers and have completed the preliminary mathematical training for engineering, but fellows who can do engineering jobs, or drafting jobs; (4) men who have failed to make good and who go right into a draft camp like any other registered boy of 18.

If you have not college requirements you are still eligible, under the government plan, to attend other technical schools to receive training as a technician of some sort.

His Messages

She—You don't even dress decently. I'm going home to papa.

He—All right. You might say to him also that I need a new suit myself.—Boston Transcript.



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CHIEF MITCHELL'S FORCE RAIDS THE OFFICERS' FOR A CLEAN VICTORY

Chief Mitchell had been tipped off that on Saturday, Sept. 7, the Officers of the Waynesville Hospital would attempt to slip something over on him. So bright and early Saturday he had his men rounded up to start an offensive. At 2:30 he had his force on the battleground, all ready for a terrific struggle; as soon as the officers appeared the scrap commenced, but from the very first it was easily seen that the Chief's forces were going to be victorious. It took a great deal of persuasion on the officers' part to induce Policeman Whiteman that he was to use a baseball bat instead of his club, but he finally consented, though not willingly. A summary of the struggle, as seen by one of the bystanders, follows:

OFFICIALS

	Ab	R	H	E
Burgen, c.....	6	3	4	2
Russel, p.....	6	3	2	0
Logan, f. b.....	6	1	1	1
E. Alley, 2d b.....	5	2	1	2
Mitchell, 3d b.....	5	0	0	0
G. Alley, ss.....	5	0	0	1
Whiteman, l f.....	5	2	1	1
Campbell, c f.....	5	2	1	1
Campbell, c f.....	5	2	1	0
Boone, r f.....	5	3	2	0

Total 16 12 7

OFFICERS

	Ab	R	H	E
Harmon, c.....	5	2	2	1
Wilcox, f b.....	5	1	1	0
Rue, 2d b.....	5	2	2	1
Woods, l f.....	5	0	1	2
Balas, r f.....	5	1	1	1
Jewell, ss.....	5	3	2	2
Bowen, 3d b.....	5	1	1	0
Stringfellow, c f.....	5	0	0	0
Cole, p.....	5	0	0	0

Total 10 10 7

In the first inning Burgen started the game by taping one to the pitcher, who cleverly stopped it and threw him out. Russell came forward with a hit through third and made two bags on third's error. Logan then followed with a grounder to third, who insisted on holding the ball, letting Logan land safely on first. E. Alley drove one to pitcher, who again stopped it and threw him out. Chief Mitchell then came to bat with fire in his eyes and hit one over first, scoring Logan and Russell. G. Alley sent another to pitcher, who threw him out, thereby making the record of the game for single assists, a record of three single assists in one inning.

fanned out. Wilcox hit through shortstop, who made a pretty stop and threw him out at first. Woods hit through first and made it safe on first's error. Bales came to bat and fanned out.

In the second inning the officials bunched six more runs. Burgen, Russell, E. Alley, Whiteman and Campbell, all scoring. The officers failed to land a man on third this inning. Bowen being the only man to get on a base and staying at second.

In the third inning Cole only allowed the bloodthirsty bluecoats three runs, but even then the officers could not get next to Russell's pitching. Harmon was the only man who succeeded in getting on a base. He got around as far as third when Woods retired the side by a foul ball to catcher.

In the fourth inning Cole and Wilcox changed places and Wilcox did not allow a single hit but retired the side as fast as they came up. This time the officers did a little better and managed to secure a run when Jewell made a safe hit to third and came in on Bowen's hit through shortstop.

In the fifth inning Wilcox again proved himself a pitcher by pitching another shut-out inning. The officers were also shut out, Wilcox being the only man to get on.

In the sixth inning Wilcox, as a pitcher, had been looked upon with amusement but when he again shut out the officials the smiles changed to looks of wonder and fear. The officers again failed to score.

In the seventh inning Harmon took his turn at twirling this inning, but was not quite as successful as Wilcox, for the officials succeeded in bunching five big runs off him, making the score 16 to 2. The officers started off wonderfully. Harmon, the second man up, redeemed himself by getting a two-base hit and scoring on Wilcox's drive to third base. Side retired by fan-out.

In the eighth inning Harmon showed up in good style as a pitcher this inning and sent G. Alley, Whiteman and Campbell back to the bench mumbling queer things. The Canton team failed to show up so the officers decided to put some of the regular players in the game so Donahue, Stevens and Thornborrow came into the game. Donahue took Jewell's place and secured a hit over shortstop and came in on Stevens' hit to left field. Stringfield brought him to third where he remained to see Cole and Thornborrow put out, ending the inning. Bale's having already fanned.

In the ninth inning Boone started off the last inning by topping one to pitcher. Burgen then followed by lifting one to Bales, who showed he could drop flys as well as furloughs. He also gave an exhibition of juggling by trying to put a handkerchief in his glove, a cigarette in his mouth and catch a ball all at the same time, ending the whole thing by dropping all three. Russell was thrown out by trying to sacrifice Logan, then fanned, thereby ending the officers' chances for scoring any more. The officers started their offensive this inning, but it was too late. Harmon led off by beating a grounder to first. Wilcox followed by a deep fly to right field, bringing Harmon to third. Rue then hit through first, for two bags, scoring Harmon and Wilcox. Woods fanned out, allowing runner to steal third, Bales lammed one over third, scoring Rue. Donahue came to bat and drove one for two bags, scoring Bales. Stevens lifted one for two bags scoring Donahue. Thornborrow tried his best to lose the pill, but only managed to get a three-bagger, bringing Stevens home. Stringfellow and Cole then struck out, ending the game with a score of 16-10, in favor of Chief Mitchell, who very kindly informed the officers that he would be willing to meet them again anytime they desired.

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